

ONE day as a poor blind man was crossing the road, *Jack* cut a stick out



of the hedge, split it at one end, and then put it on the tail of the dog, that was leading the poor man on the side of a ditch, which made the dog yelp and cry, and pull the poor beggar about, who knew not what was the matter with his dog, therefore could give him no assistance. But *Jack* was not content with

son of triumph ; you a young rogue, that can see any thing but your own good, I a poor blind man, that can see nothing but misery : where is the merit in deceiving a fool, or laying a stumbling block for the blind ? had you led me home, you would then indeed have shewn a right use of the light you enjoy. and evinced the superior blessing you possess. My infirmities, my years, should have claimed this, and an old man's obligation would have blessed you a boy, for doing what was your duty.

THIS had a very little effect on *Jack*, who called *Mopsy* to him, and ran home, leaving the poor man to do the best for himself.

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